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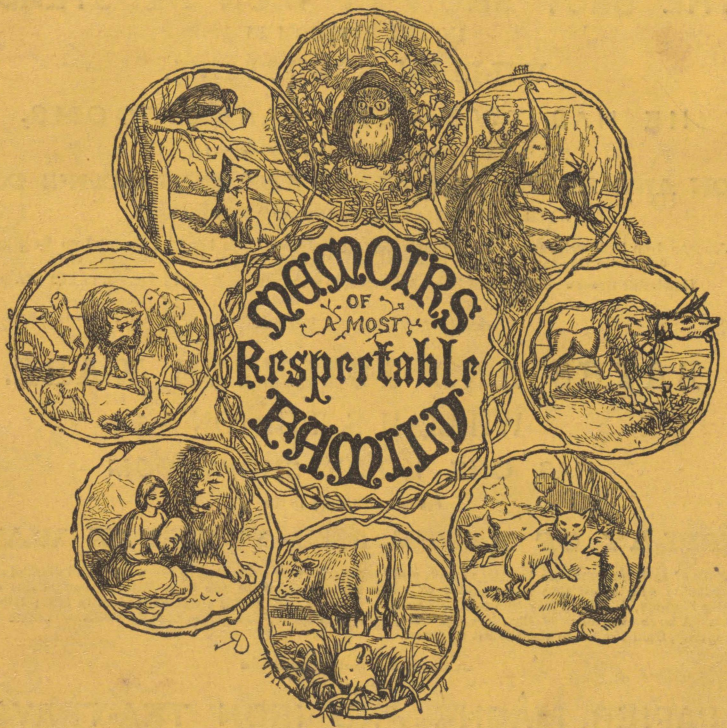

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No. XXII.—JULY, 1855.

THE NEWCOMES ADVERTISER.

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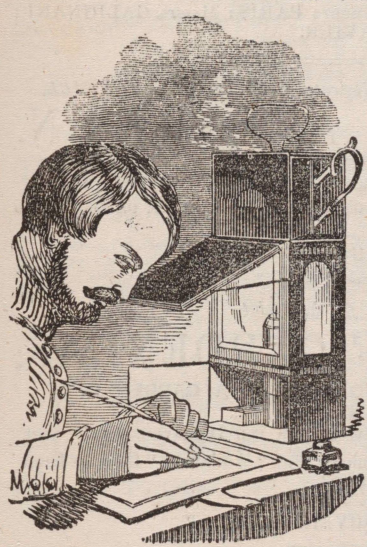
Each Candle will burn 4 hours.



Sold Wholesale by PALMER & Co., Sutton-street, Clerkenwell; and the PATENTEE, 55, Albany-street, Regent's-park, London. Exported by BEACH, SON, & NEPHEW, 37, Lime-street, City. Retail by all Outfitters, Lamp-dealers, &c.

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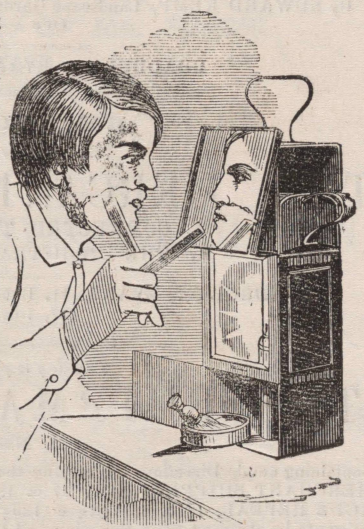
The Soldier's Comforts.

To military and naval men it must prove invaluable; with it and a day's rations, a man can laugh at the word "privation;" and in the stillness of the night he has at hand a real domestic friend—not only a powerful light, but one which will add materially to the warmth of his tent or room in cold weather, and during a summer campaign what time and trouble it must save, in not having to forage for fuel and fire to cook the required food.—*United Service Gazette, April 7.*



As a camp, or ship, or travelling *camarade*, it is above all price; for not merely will it cook a meal impromptu, but it will also supply a brilliant light for the student in his tent or his cabin; nor is this all: there is a mirror attached to the lamp, by which a person can shave and dress. The lamp opened, by closing the mirror, becomes a dark lantern, and the whole affair is so portable that it can be placed in the great-coat pocket. Need we say more than that the candle (or fuel) is exceedingly economical, to render the "Fusee Candle Cooking Lamp" a most acceptable boon to the Army and Navy, and all whose vocation may lead them to travel?—*Naval and Military Gazette, April 7th*, 1855.

It has been remarked that the present war has produced a very large proportion of inventions for the destruction of human life, and we are glad to have it in our power to notice one with an opposite tendency, which is likely to contribute to the well-being and comfort of the Army—we allude to a Candle Lamp, invented by Samuel Clarke, the completeness and efficacy of which we have had the opportunity of testing, and find it most admirably qualified for the various uses to which it may be applied. The light afforded for writing, or for the operations of the toilet, is most excellent; and he must be a sorry campaigner who could not, by the aid of these admirable Lamps, cook a very savoury mess. It is not only to the Army that this Lamp will be valuable, but it will also be found to add greatly to the comfort of the nursery and sick room, and to be highly useful to bachelors and emigrants.

British Army Dispatch, April 6th, 1855.

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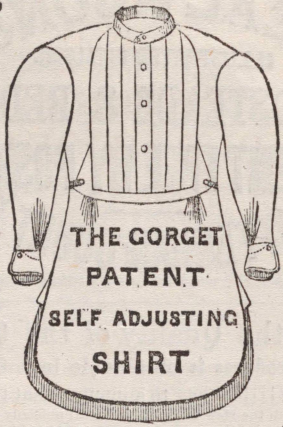

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2. Round the Waist, over the Shirt.
3. Round the Neck, middle of Throat.
4. Round the Wrist.
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6. Length of Shirt at back.

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CHAPTER XXXII.

CHILTERN HUNDREDS.

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In due time the Gazette announced that Thomas Newcome, Esq., was returned as one of the Members of Parliament for the borough of Newcome; and, after triumphant dinners, speeches, and rejoicings, the member came back to his family in London, and to his affairs in that city.

The good Colonel appeared to be by no means elated by his victory. He would not allow that he was wrong in engaging in that family war, of which we have just seen the issue; though it may be that his secret remorse on this account in part occasioned his disquiet. But there were other reasons which his family not long afterwards came to understand, for the gloom and low spirits which now oppressed the head of their home.

It was observed (that is, if simple little Rosey took the trouble to observe) that the entertainments at the Colonel's mansion were more frequent and splendid even than before; the silver cocoa-nut tree was constantly in requisition, and around it were assembled many new guests, who had not formerly been used to sit under those branches. Mr. Sherrick and his wife appeared at those parties, at which the proprietor of Lady Whittlesea's chapel made himself perfectly familiar. Sherrick cut jokes with the master of the house, which the latter received with a very grave acquiescence; he ordered the servants about, addressing the butler as "Old Corkscrew," and bidding the footman,

whom he loved to call by his Christian name, to "look alive." He called the Colonel "Newcome" sometimes, and facetiously speculated upon the degree of relationship subsisting between them now that his daughter was married to Clive's uncle, the Colonel's brother-in-law. Though I dare say Clive did not much relish receiving news of his aunt, Sherrick was sure to bring such intelligence when it reached him; and announced, in due time, the birth of a little cousin at Bogglywallah, whom the fond parents designed to name "Thomas Newcome Honeyman."

A dreadful panic and ghastly terror seized poor Clive on an occasion which he described to me afterwards. Going out from home one day with his father, he beheld a wine-merchant's cart, from which hampers were carried down the area gate into the lower regions of Colonel Newcome's house. "Sherrick and Co., Wine Merchants, Walpole Street," was painted upon the vehicle.

"Good heavens! sir; do you get your wine from *him?*" Clive cried out to his father, remembering Honeyman's provisions in early times. The Colonel, looking very gloomy and turning red, said, "Yes, he bought wine from Sherrick, who had been very good natured and serviceable; and who—and who, you know, is our connection now." When informed of the circumstance by Clive, I too, as I confess, thought the incident alarming.

Then Clive, with a laugh, told me of a grand battle which had taken place in consequence of Mrs. Mackenzie's behaviour to the wine-merchant's wife. The Campaigner had treated this very kind and harmless, but vulgar woman, with extreme *hauteur*—had talked loud during her singing—the beauty of which, to say truth, time had considerably impaired—had made contemptuous observations regarding her upon more than one occasion. At length the Colonel broke out in great wrath against Mrs. Mackenzie—bade her to respect that lady as one of his guests—and, if she did not like the company which assembled at his house, hinted to her that there were many thousand other houses in London where she could find a lodging. For the sake of her child, and her adored grandchild, the Campaigner took no notice of this hint; and declined to remove from the quarter which she had occupied ever since she had become a grand-mamma.

I myself dined once or twice, with my old friends, under the shadow of the pickle-bearing cocoa-nut tree; and could not but remark a change of personages in the society assembled. The manager of the City branch of the B. B. C. was always present—an ominous-looking man, whose whispers and compliments seemed to make poor Clive, at his end of the table, very melancholy. With the City manager came the City manager's friends, whose jokes passed gaily round, and who kept the conversation to themselves. Once I had the happiness to meet Mr. Ratray, who had returned, filled with rupees from the Indian bank; who told us many anecdotes of the splendour of Ram-un-Lal at Calcutta,

who complimented the Colonel on his fine house and grand dinners with sinister good humour. Those compliments did not seem to please our poor friend, that familiarity choked him. A brisk little chattering attorney, very intimate with Sherrick, with a wife of dubious gentility, was another constant guest. He enlivened the table by his jokes, and recounted choice stories about the aristocracy, with certain members of whom the little man seemed very familiar. He knew to a shilling how much this lord owed—and how much the creditors allowed to that marquis. He had been concerned with such and such a nobleman, who was now in the Queen's Bench. He spoke of their lordships affably and without their titles—calling upon "Louisa, my dear," his wife, to testify to the day when Viscount Tagrag dined with them, and Earl Bareacres sent them the pheasants. F. B., as sombre and downcast as his hosts now seemed to be, informed me demurely that the attorney was a member of one of the most eminent firms in the City—that he had been engaged in procuring the Colonel's parliamentary title for him —and in various important matters appertaining to the B. B. C.; but my knowledge of the world and the law was sufficient to make me aware that this gentleman belonged to a well-known firm of money-lending solicitors, and I trembled to see such a person in the home of our good Colonel. Where were the generals and the judges? Where were the fogies and their respectable ladies? Stupid they were, and dull their company, but better a stalled ox in their society, than Mr. Campion's jokes over Mr. Sherrick's wines.

After the little rebuke administered by Colonel Newcome, Mrs. Mackenzie abstained from overt hostilities against any guests of her daughter's father-in-law; and contented herself by assuming grand and princess-like airs in the company of the new ladies. They flattered her and poor little Rosa intensely. The latter liked their company no doubt. To a man of the world looking on, who has seen the men and morals of many cities, it was curious, almost pathetic, to watch that poor little innocent creature fresh and smiling, attired in bright colours and a thousand gewgaws, simpering in the midst of these darkling people—practising her little arts, and coquetries, with such a court round about her. An unconscious little maid, with rich and rare gems sparkling on all her fingers, and bright gold rings as many as belonged to the late Old Woman of Banbury Cross—still she smiled and prattled innocently before these banditti—I thought of Zerlina and the Brigands, in "Fra Diavolo."

Walking away with F. B. from one of these parties of the Colonel's, and seriously alarmed at what I had observed there, I demanded of Bayham whether my conjectures were not correct, that some misfortune overhung our old friend's house? At first Bayham denied stoutly or pretended ignorance; but at length, having reached the "Haunt" together, which I had not visited since I was a married man, we entered that place of entertainment, and were greeted by its old landlady and

waitress, and accommodated with a quiet parlour. And here F. B., after groaning—after sighing—after solacing himself with a prodigious quantity of bitter beer—fairly burst out, and, with tears in his eyes, made a full and sad confession respecting this unlucky Bundelcund Banking Company. The shares had been going lower and lower, so that there was no sale now for them at all. To meet the liabilities the directors must have undergone the greatest sacrifices. He did not know—he did not like to think what the Colonel's personal losses were. The respectable solicitors of the Company had retired long since, after having secured payment of a most respectable bill, and had given place to the firm of dubious law-agents of whom I had that evening seen a partner. How the retiring partners from India had been allowed to withdraw, and to bring fortunes along with them, was a mystery to Mr. Frederick Bayham. The great Indian *millionnaire* was in his, F. B.'s eyes, "a confounded old mahogany-coloured heathen humbug." These fine parties which the Colonel was giving, and that fine carriage which was always flaunting about the park with poor Mrs. Clive and the Campaigner, and the nurse and the baby, were, in F. B.'s opinion, all decoys and shams. He did not mean to say that the meals were not paid, and that the Colonel had to plunder for his horses' corn; but he knew that Sherrick, and the attorney, and the manager, insisted upon the necessity of giving these parties, and keeping up this state and grandeur, and opined that it was at the special instance of these advisers that the Colonel had contested the borough for which he was now returned. "Do you know how much that contest cost?" asks F. B. "The sum, sir, was awful! and we have ever so much of it to pay. I came up twice from Newcome myself to Campion and Sherrick about it. I betray no secrets—F. B., sir, would die a thousand deaths before he would tell the secrets of his benefactor!—But, Pendennis, you understand a thing or two. You know what o'clock it is, and so does yours truly, F. B., who drinks your health. *I* know the taste of Sherrick's wine well enough. F. B., sir, fears the Greeks and all the gifts they bring. Confound his Amontillado! I had rather drink this honest malt and hops all my life than ever see a drop of his abominable golden sherry. Golden? F. B. believes it *is* golden —and a precious deal dearer than gold too"—and herewith, ringing the bell, my friend asked for a second pint of the just-named and cheaper fluid.

I have of late had to recount portions of my dear old friend's history which must needs be told, and over which the writer does not like to dwell. If Thomas Newcome's opulence was unpleasant to describe, and to contrast with the bright goodness and simplicity I remembered in former days; how much more painful is that part of his story to which we are now come perforce, and which the acute reader of novels has, no doubt, long foreseen? Yes, sir or madam, you are quite right in the opinion which you have held all along regarding that Bundelcund Banking

Company, in which our Colonel has invested every rupee he possesses, *Solvuntur rupees*, &c. I disdain, for the most part, the tricks and surprises of the novelist's art. Knowing, from the very beginning of our story, what was the issue of this Bundelcund Banking concern, I have scarce had patience to keep my counsel about it; and whenever I have had occasion to mention the Company, have scarcely been able to refrain from breaking out into fierce diatribes against that complicated enormous outrageous swindle. It was one of many similar cheats which have been successfully practised upon the simple folks, civilian and military, who toil and struggle—who fight with sun and enemy—who pass years of long exile and gallant endurance in the service of our empire in India. Agency houses after agency houses have been established, and have flourished in splendour and magnificence, and have paid fabulous dividends—and have enormously enriched two or three wary speculators—and then have burst in bankruptcy, involving widows, orphans, and countless simple people who trusted their all to the keeping of these unworthy treasurers.

The failure of the Bundelcund Bank which we now have to record, was one only of many similar schemes ending in ruin. About the time when Thomas Newcome was chaired as Member of Parliament for the borough of which he bore the name, the great Indian merchant who was at the head of the Bundelcund Banking Company's affairs at Calcutta, suddenly died of cholera at his palace at Barackpore. He had been giving of late a series of the most splendid banquets with which Indian prince ever entertained a Calcutta society. The greatest and proudest personages of that aristocratic city had attended his feasts. The fairest Calcutta beauties had danced in his halls. Did not poor F. B. transfer from the columns of the Bengal Hurkaru to the Pall Mall Gazette the most astounding descriptions of those Asiatic Nights Entertainments, of which the very grandest was to come off on the night when cholera seized Ram-un-Lal in its grip? There was to have been a masquerade outvying all European masquerades in splendour. The two rival queens of the Calcutta society were to have appeared each with her court around her. Young civilians at the college, and young ensigns fresh landed, had gone into awful expenses and borrowed money at fearful interest from the B. B. C. and other banking companies, in order to appear with befitting splendour as knights and noblemen of Henrietta Maria's Court (Henrietta Maria, wife of Hastings Hicks, Esq., Sudder Dewanee Adawlut), or as princes and warriors surrounding the palanquin of Lalla Rookh (the lovely wife of Hon. Cornwallis Bobus, Member of Council): all these splendours were there. As carriage after carriage drove up from Calcutta, they were met at Ram-un-Lal's gate by ghastly weeping servants, who announced their master's demise.

On the next day the Bank at Calcutta was closed, and the day after, when heavy bills were presented which must be paid, although by this

time Ram-un-Lal was not only dead but buried, and his widows howling over his grave, it was announced throughout Calcutta that but 800 rupees were left in the treasury of the B. B. C. to meet engagements to the amount of four lakhs then immediately due, and sixty days afterwards the shutters were closed at No. 175, Lothbury, the London offices of the B. B. C. of India, and 35,000*l.* worth of their bills refused by their agents, Messrs. Baines, Jolly and Co. of Fog Court.

When the accounts of that ghastly bankruptcy arrived from Calcutta, it was found, of course, that the merchant prince Ram-un-Lal, owed the B. B. C. twenty-five lakhs of rupees, the value of which was scarcely even represented by his respectable signature. It was found that one of the auditors of the bank, the generally esteemed Charley Condor (a capital fellow, famous for his good dinners and for playing low comedy characters at the Chowringhee Theatre) was indebted to the bank in 90,000*l.*; and also it was discovered that the revered Baptist Bellman, Chief Registrar of the Calcutta Tape and Sealing Wax Office (a most valuable and powerful amateur preacher who had converted two natives, and whose serious soirees were thronged at Calcutta), had helped himself to 73,000*l.* more, for which he settled in the Bankruptcy Court before he resumed his duties in his own. In justice to Mr. Bellman, it must be said that he could have had no idea of the catastrophe impending over the B. B. C. For, only three weeks before that great bank closed its doors, Mr. Bellman, as guardian of the children of his widowed sister Mrs. Colonel Green, had sold the whole of the late Colonel's property out of Company's paper and invested it in the bank, which gave a high interest, and with bills of which drawn upon their London correspondents, he had accommodated Mrs. Colonel Green when she took her departure for Europe with her numerous little family on board the Burrumpooter.

And now you have the explanation of the title of this chapter, and know wherefore Thomas Newcome never sat in Parliament. Where are our dear old friends now? Where are Rosey's chariots, and horses? Where her jewels and gewgaws? Bills are up in the fine new house. Swarms of Hebrew gentlemen with their hats on are walking about the drawing-rooms, peering into the bed-rooms, weighing and poising the poor old silver cocoa-nut-tree, eying the plate and crystal, thumbing the damask of the curtains, and inspecting ottomans, mirrors, and a hundred articles of splendid trumpery. There is Rosey's boudoir which her father-in-law loved to ornament—there is Clive's studio with a hundred sketches—there is the Colonel's bare room at the top of the house, with his little iron bedstead and ship's drawers, and a camel trunk or two which have accompanied him on many an Indian march, and his old regulation sword, and that one which the native officers of his regiment gave him when he bade them farewell. I can fancy the brokers' faces as they look over this camp wardrobe, and that the uniforms will not fetch much in Holywell Street. There is the old one still, and that

new one which he ordered and wore when poor little Rosey was presented at court. I had not the heart to examine their plunder, and go amongst those wreckers. F. B. used to attend the sale regularly, and report its proceedings to us with eyes full of tears. "A fellow laughed at me," says F. B., "because when I came into the dear old drawing-room I took my hat off. I told him that if he dared say another word I would knock him down." I think F. B. may be pardoned in this instance for emulating the office of auctioneer. Where are you, pretty Rosey and poor little helpless baby? Where are you, dear Clive—gallant young friend of my youth? Ah! it is a sad story—a melancholy page to pen! Let us pass it over quickly—I love not to think of my friend in pain.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

IN WHICH MRS. CLIVE NEWCOME'S CARRIAGE IS ORDERED.

ALL the friends of the Newcome family, of course, knew the disaster which had befallen the good Colonel, and I was aware, for my own part, that not only his own, but almost the whole of Rosa Newcome's property was involved in the common ruin. Some proposals of temporary relief were made to our friends from more quarters than one, but were thankfully rejected—and we were led to hope that the Colonel having still his pension secured to him, which the law could not touch, might live comfortably enough in the retirement to which, of course, he would betake himself, when the melancholy proceedings consequent on the bankruptcy were brought to an end. It was shown that he had been egregiously duped in the transaction—that his credulity had cost him and his family a large fortune—that he had given up every penny which belonged to him—that there could not be any sort of stain upon his honest reputation. The judge before whom he appeared, spoke with feeling and regard of the unhappy gentleman—the lawyer who examined him respected the grief and fall of that simple old man. Thomas Newcome took a little room near the court where his affairs and the affairs of the company were adjudged—lived with a frugality which never was difficult to him—and once when perchance I met him in the City, avoided me, with a bow and courtesy that was quite humble though proud and somehow inexpressibly touching to me. Fred. Bayham was the only person whom he admitted. Fred. always faithfully insisted upon attending him in and out of court. J. J. came to me immediately after he heard of the disaster, eager to place all his savings at the service of his friends. Laura and I came to London, and were urgent with similar offers. Our good friend declined to see any of us. F. B., again, with tears trickling on his

rough cheeks, and a break in his voice, told me he feared that affairs must be very bad indeed, for the Colonel absolutely denied himself a cheroot to smoke. Laura drove to his lodgings and took him a box which was held up to him as he came to open the door to my wife's knock by our smiling little boy. He patted the child on his golden head and kissed him. My wife wished he would have done as much for her—but he would not—though she owned she kissed his hand. He drew it across his eyes and thanked her in a very calm and stately manner—but he did not invite her within the threshold of his door, saying simply, that such a room was not a fit place to receive a lady, "as you ought to know very well, Mrs. Smith," he said to the landlady who had accompanied my wife up the stairs. "He will eat scarcely anything," the woman told us, "his meals come down untouched; his candles are burning all night, almost, as he sits poring over his papers." "He was bent — he who used to walk so uprightly," Laura said. He seemed to have grown many years older, and was, indeed, quite a decrepit old man.

"I am glad they have left Clive out of the bankruptcy," the Colonel said to Bayham; it was almost the only time when his voice exhibited any emotion. "It was very kind of them to leave out Clive, poor boy, and I have thanked the lawyers in Court." Those gentlemen, and the judge himself, were very much moved at this act of gratitude. The judge made a very feeling speech to the Colonel when he came up for his certificate. He passed very different comments on the conduct of the Manager of the Bank, when that person appeared for examination. He wished that the law had power to deal with those gentlemen who had come home with large fortunes from India, realised but a few years before the bankruptcy. Those gentlemen had known how to take care of themselves very well, and as for the Manager, is not his wife giving elegant balls at her elegant house at Cheltenham at this very day?

What weighed most upon the Colonel's mind, F. B. imagined, was the thought that he had been the means of inducing many poor friends to embark their money in this luckless speculation. Take J. J.'s money after he had persuaded old Ridley to place 200*l.* in Indian shares! Good God, he and his family should rather perish than he would touch a farthing of it! Many fierce words were uttered to him by Mrs. Mackenzie, for instance—by her angry daughter at Musselburgh—Josey's husband, by Mr. Smee, R. A., and two or three Indian officers, friends of his own, who had entered into the speculation on his recommendation. These rebukes, Thomas Newcome bore with an affecting meekness, as his faithful F. B. described to me, striving with many oaths and much loudness to carry off his own emotion. But what moved the Colonel most of all, was a letter which came at this time from Honeyman in India, saying that he was doing well—that of course he knew of his benefactor's misfortune, and that he sent a

remittance which, D.V., should be annual, in payment of his debt to the Colonel, and his good sister at Brighton. "On receipt of this letter," said F. B., "the old man was fairly beat—the letter, with the bill in it, dropt out of his hands. He clasped them both together, shaking in every limb, and his head dropped down on his breast as he said, 'I thank my God Almighty for this!' and he sent the cheque off to Mrs. Honeyman by the post that night, sir, every shilling of it; and he passed his old arm under mine—and we went out to Tom's Coffee House, and he ate some dinner for the first time for ever so long, and drank a couple of glasses of port wine, and F. B. stood it, sir, and would stand his heart's blood for that dear old boy."

It was on a Monday morning that those melancholy shutters were seen over the offices of the Bundelcund Bank in Lothbury, which were not to come down until the rooms were handed over to some other, and let us trust, more fortunate speculators. The Indian bills had arrived, and been protested in the City on the previous Saturday. The Campaigner and Mrs. Rosey had arranged a little party to the theatre that evening, and the gallant Captain Goby had agreed to quit the delights of the Flag Club, in order to accompany the ladies. Neither of them knew what was happening in the City, or could account, otherwise than by the common domestic causes, for Clive's gloomy despondency and his father's sad reserve. Clive had not been in the City on this day. He had spent it, as usual, in his studio, *boudé* by his wife, and not disturbed by the mess-room raillery of the Campaigner. They dined early, in order to be in time for the theatre. Goby entertained them with the latest jokes from the smoking-room at the Flag, and was in his turn amused by the brilliant plans for the season which Rosey and her mamma sketched out. The entertainments which Mrs. Clive proposed to give, the ball—she was dying for a masked ball—just such a one as that described in the Pall Mall Gazette of last week, out of that paper with the droll title, the Bengal Hurkaru, which the merchant prince, the head of the bank, you know, in India, had given at Calcutta. We must have a ball, too, says Mrs. Mackenzie, "society demands it of you." "Of course it does," echoes Captain Goby, and he bethought him of a brilliant circle of young fellows from the Flag, whom he would bring in splendid uniform to dance with the pretty Mrs. Clive Newcome.

After the dinner, they little knew it was to be their last in that fine house, the ladies retired to give a parting kiss to baby—a parting look to the toilettes, with which they proposed to fascinate the inhabitants of the pit and public boxes at the Olympic. Goby made vigorous play with the claret bottle during the brief interval of potation allowed to him; he, too, little deeming that he should never drink bumper there again; Clive looking on with the melancholy and silent acquiescence which had, of late, been his part in the household. The carriage was

announced—the ladies came down—pretty capotes on—the lovely Campaigner, Goby vowed, looking as young and as handsome as her daughter, by Jove,—and the hall door was opened to admit the two gentlemen and ladies to their carriage, when, as they were about to step in, a Hansom cab drove up rapidly in which was perceived Thomas Newcome's anxious face. He got out of the vehicle—his own carriage making way for him—the ladies still on the steps. "O, the play! I forgot:" said the Colonel.

"Of course we are going to the play, papa," cries little Rosey, with a gay little tap of her hand.

"I think you had best not," Colonel Newcome said gravely.

"Indeed my darling child has set her heart upon it, and I would not have her disappointed for the world in her situation," cries the Campaigner, tossing up her head.

The Colonel for reply bade his coachman drive to the stables, and come for further orders; and, turning to his daughter's guest, expressed to Captain Goby his regret that the proposed party could not take place on that evening, as he had matter of very great importance to communicate to his family. On hearing these news, and understanding that his further company was not desirable, the Captain, a man of great presence of mind, arrested the Hansom cabman who was about to take his departure, and who blithely, knowing the Club and its inmates full well, carried off the jolly Captain to finish his evening at the Flag.

"Has it come, father?" said Clive with a sure prescience, looking in his father's face.

The father took and grasped the hand which his son held out. "Let us go back into the dining-room," he said. They entered it, and he filled himself a glass of wine out of the bottle still standing amidst the dessert. He bade the butler retire, who was lingering about the room and sideboard, and only wanted to know whether his master would have dinner, that was all. And, this gentleman having withdrawn, Colonel Newcome finished his glass of sherry and broke a buscuit; the Campaigner assuming an attitude of surprise and indignation whilst Rosey had leisure to remark, that papa looked very ill, and that something must have happened.

The Colonel took both her hands and drew her towards him and kissed her, whilst Rosey's mamma flouncing down on a chair beat a tattoo upon the table-cloth with her fan. "Something has happened, my love," the Colonel said very sadly; "you must show all your strength of mind, for a great misfortune has befallen us."

"Good heavens, Colonel, what is it? don't frighten my beloved child," cries the Campaigner, rushing towards her darling, and enveloping her in her robust arms, "What can have happened? don't agitate this darling child, sir," and she looked indignantly towards the poor Colonel.

"We have received the very worst news from Calcutta—a confirmation of the news by the last mail, Clivey, my boy."

"It is no news to me. I have always been expecting it, father," says Clive, holding down his head.

"Expecting what? What have you been keeping back from us? In what have you been deceiving us, Colonel Newcome?" shrieks the Campaigner, and Rosa crying out, "O, mamma, mamma!" begins to whimper.

"The chief of the bank in India is dead," the Colonel went on. "He has left its affairs in worse than disorder. We are, I fear, ruined, Mrs. Mackenzie," and the Colonel went on to tell how the bank could not open on Monday morning, and its bills to a great amount had already been protested in the City that day.

Rosey did not understand half these news, or comprehend the calamity which was to follow; but Mrs. Mackenzie, rustling in great wrath, made a speech, of which the anger gathered as she proceeded; in which she vowed and protested that her money which the Colonel, she did not know from *what motives*, had induced her to subscribe, should *not* be sacrificed, and that have it she would, the bank shut or not, the next Monday morning—that her daughter had a fortune of her own which her poor dear brother James should have divided, and would have divided much more fairly, had he not been wrongly influenced—she would not say by *whom*, and she commanded Colonel Newcome upon that *instant*, if he was as he always pretended to be, an *honourable* man, to give an account of her blessed darling's property, and to pay back her own, every sixpence of it. She would not lend it for an hour longer, and to see that that dear blessed child now sleeping unconsciously up stairs, and his dear brothers and sisters who might follow, for Rosey was a young woman, a poor innocent creature, too young to be married, and never would have been married had she listened to her mamma's advice. She demanded that baby, and all succeeding babies, should have their *rights*, and should be looked to by their grandmother, if their father's father was so *unkind*, and so *wicked*, and so *unnatural*, as to give their money to rogues, and deprive them of their just bread.

Rosey began to cry more loudly than ever during the utterance of mamma's sermon, so loudly that Clive peevishly cried out, "Hold your tongue," on which the Campaigner, clutching her daughter to her breast again, turned on her son-in-law, and abused him as she had abused his father before him, calling out that they were both in a conspiracy to defraud her child, and the little darling up stairs, of its bread, and she would speak, yes, she would, and no power should prevent her, and her money she would have on Monday, as sure as her poor dear husband, Captain Mackenzie, was dead, and she never would have been *cheated* so, yes, *cheated*, if he had been alive.

At the word "cheated" Clive broke out with an execration—the

poor Colonel with a groan of despair—the widow's storm continued, and above that howling tempest of words rose Mrs. Clive's piping scream, who went off into downright hysterics at last, in which she was encouraged by her mother, and in which she gasped out frantic ejaculations regarding baby; dear, darling, ruined baby, and so forth.

The sorrow-stricken Colonel had to quell the women's tongues and shrill anger, and his son's wrathful replies, who could not bear the weight of Mrs. Mackenzie upon him; and it was not until these three were allayed, that Thomas Newcome was able to continue his sad story, to explain what had happened, and what the actual state of the case was, and to oblige the terror-stricken women at length to hear something like reason.

He then had to tell them, to their dismay, that he would inevitably be declared a bankrupt in the ensuing week; that the whole of his property in that house, as elsewhere, would be seized and sold for the creditors' benefit; and that his daughter had best immediately leave a home where she would be certainly subject to humiliation and annoyance. "I would have Clive, my boy, take you out of the country, and—and return to me when I have need of him, and shall send for him," the father said fondly in reply to a rebellious look in his son's face. "I would have you quit this house as soon as possible. Why not to-night? The law bloodhounds may be upon us ere an hour is over—at this moment for what I know."

At that moment the door bell was heard to ring, and the women gave a scream a-piece, as if the bailiffs were actually coming to take possession. Rosey went off in quite a series of screams, peevishly repressed by her husband, and always encouraged by mamma, who called her son-in-law an unfeeling wretch. It must be confessed that Mrs. Clive Newcome did not exhibit much strength of mind, or comfort her husband much at a moment when he needed consolation.

From angry rebellion and fierce remonstrance, this pair of women now passed to an extreme terror and desire for instantaneous flight. They would go that moment—they would wrap that blessed child up in its shawls—and nurse should take it anywhere—anywhere, poor neglected thing. "My trunks," cries Mrs. Mackenzie, "you know are ready packed—I am sure it is not the treatment which I have received—it is nothing but my *duty* and my *religion*—and the protection which I owe to this blessed unprotected—yes, *unprotected*, and *robbed*, and *cheated*, darling child—which have made me stay a *single day* in this house. I never thought I should have been *robbed* in it, or my darlings with their fine fortunes flung naked on the world. If my Mac was here, you never had dared to have done this, Colonel Newcome—no never. He had his faults—Mackenzie had—but he would never have robbed his own children! Come away, Rosey, my blessed love, come let us pack your things, and let us go and *hide* our *heads* in sorrow somewhere. Ah! didn't I tell you to beware of all *painters*,

and that Clarence was a true gentleman, and loved you with all his heart, and would never have cheated you out of your money, for which I will have justice as sure as there is justice in England."

During this outburst the Colonel sat utterly scared and silent, supporting his poor head between his hands. When the harem had departed he turned sadly to his son. Clive did not believe that his father was a cheat and a rogue. No, thank God! The two men embraced with tender cordiality and almost happy emotion on the one side and the other. Never for one moment could Clive think his dear old father meant wrong—though the speculations were unfortunate in which he had engaged—though Clive had not liked them—it was a relief to his mind that they were now come to an end—they should all be happier now, thank God! those clouds of distrust being removed. Clive felt not one moment's doubt but that they should be able to meet fortune with a brave face; and that happier, much happier days were in store for him than ever they had known since the period of this confounded prosperity.

"Here's a good end to it," says Clive with flashing eyes and a flushed face, "and here's a good health till to-morrow, father!" and he filled into two glasses the wine still remaining in the flask. "Good bye to our fortune, and bad luck go with her—I puff the prostitute away—*Si celeres quatit pennas*, you remember what we used to say at Greyfriars—*resigno quæ dedit, et mea virtute me involvo, probamque pauperiem sine dote quæro.*" And he pledged his father, who drank his wine, his hand shaking as he raised the glass to his lips, and his kind voice trembling as he uttered the well-known old school words, with an emotion that was as sacred as a prayer. Once more, and with hearts full of love, the two men embraced. Clive's voice would tremble now if he told the story as it did when he spoke it to me in happier times, one calm summer evening when we sat together and talked of dear old days.

Thomas Newcome explained to his son the plan, which, to his mind as he came away from the City after the day's misfortunes, he thought it was best to pursue. The women and the child were clearly best out of the way. "And you too, my boy, must be on duty with them until I send for you, which I will do if your presence can be of the least service to me, or is called for by—by—our honour," said the old man with a drop in his voice. "You must obey me in this, dear Clive, as you have done in everything, and been a good and dear, and obedient son to me. God pardon me for having trusted to my own simple old brains too much, and not to you who know so much better. You will obey me this once more, my boy—you will promise me this," and the old man as he spoke took Clive's hand in both his, and fondly caressed it.

Then with a shaking hand he took out of his pocket his old purse with the steel rings, which he had worn for many and many a long year. Clive remembered it, and his father's face how it would beam with delight, when he used to take that very purse out in Clive's boyish

days and tip him just after he left school. "Here are some notes and some gold," he said. "It is Rosey's, honestly, Clive dear, her half-year's dividend for which you will give an order, please, to Sherrick. He has been very kind and good, Sherrick. All the servants were providentially paid last week—there are only the outstanding week's bills out—we shall manage to meet those I dare say. And you will see that Rosey only takes away such clothes for herself and her baby as are actually necessary, won't you, dear? the plain things you know—none of the fineries—they may be packed in a petara or two, and you will take them with you—but the pomps and vanities, you know, we will leave behind—the pearls and bracelets, and the plate, and all that rubbish—and I will make an inventory of them to-morrow when you are gone and give them up, every rupee's worth, sir, every ana, by Jove, to the creditors.

The darkness had fallen by this time, and the obsequious butler entered to light the dining-room lamps. "You have been a very good and kind servant to us, Martin," says the Colonel, making him a low bow, "I should like to shake you by the hand. We must part company now, and I have no doubt you and your fellow-servants will find good places, all of you, as you merit, Martin—as you merit. Great losses have fallen upon our family—we are ruined, sir,—we are ruined! The great Bundelcund Banking Company has stopped payment in India, and our branch here must stop on Monday. Thank my friends down stairs for their kindness to me and my family." Martin bowed in silence with great respect. He and his comrades in the servants' hall had been expecting this catastrophe, quite as long as the Colonel himself, who thought he had kept his affairs so profoundly secret.

Clive went up into his women's apartments, looking with but little regret, I dare say, round those cheerless nuptial chambers with all their gaudy fittings; the fine looking-glasses, in which poor Rosey's little person had been reflected; the silken curtains under which he had lain by the poor child's side, wakeful and lonely. Here he found his child's nurse, and his wife, and his wife's mother, busily engaged with a multiplicity of boxes; with flounces, feathers, fal-lals, and finery which they were stowing away in this trunk and that; while the baby lay on its little pink pillow breathing softly, a little pearly fist placed close to its mouth. The aspect of the tawdry vanities scattered here and there, chafed and annoyed the young man. He kicked the robes over with his foot. When Mrs. Mackenzie interposed with loud ejaculations, he sternly bade her to be silent, and not wake the child. His words were not to be questioned when he spoke in that manner. "You will take nothing with you, Rosey, but what is strictly necessary—only two or three of your plainest dresses, and what is required for the boy. What is in this trunk?" Mrs. Mackenzie stepped forward and declared, and the nurse vowed upon her honour, and the lady's maid asserted

really now upon her honour too, that there was nothing but what was most strictly necessary in that trunk, to which affidavits, when Clive applied to his wife, she gave a rather timid assent.

"Where are the keys of that trunk?" Upon Mrs. Mackenzie's exclamation of "What nonsense!" Clive, putting his foot upon the flimsy oil covered box, vowed he would kick the lid off unless it was instantly opened. Obeying this grim summons, the fluttering women produced the keys, and the black box was opened before him.

The box was found to contain a number of objects which Clive pronounced to be by no means necessary to his wife's and child's existence. Trinket boxes and favourite little gim-cracks, chains, rings, and pearl necklaces, the tiara poor Rosey had worn at court—the feathers and the gorgeous train which had decorated the little person—all these were found packed away in this one receptacle; and in another box, I am sorry to say, were silver forks and spoons, (the butler wisely judging that the rich and splendid electrotype ware might as well be left behind)—all the silver forks, spoons, and ladles, and our poor old friend the cocoa-nut tree, which these female robbers would have carried out of the premises.

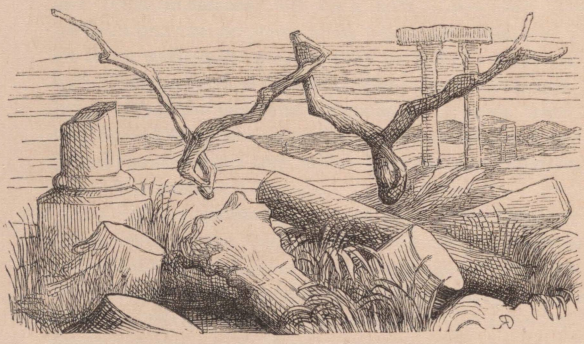
Mr. Clive Newcome burst out into fierce laughter when he saw the cocoa-nut tree; he laughed so loud that baby woke, and his mother-in-law called him a brute, and the nurse ran to give its accustomed quietus to the little screaming infant. Rosey's eyes poured forth a torrent of little protests, and she would have cried yet more loudly than the other baby, had not her husband, again fiercely checking her, sworn with a dreadful oath, that unless she told him the whole truth, "By heavens she should leave the house with nothing but what covered her." Even the Campaigner could not make head against Clive's stern resolution; and the incipient insurrection of the maids and the mistresses was quelled by his spirit. The lady's maid, a flighty creature, received her wages and took her leave: but the nurse could not find it in her heart to quit her little nursling so suddenly, and accompanied Clive's household in the journey upon which those poor folks were bound. What stolen goods were finally discovered when the family reached foreign parts were found in Mrs. Mackenzie's trunks, not in her daughter's; a silver filligree basket, a few tea-spoons, baby's gold coral, and a costly crimson velvet-bound copy of the Hon. Miss Grimstone's Church Service, to which articles, having thus appropriated them, Mrs. Mackenzie henceforward laid claim as her own.

So when the packing was done a cab was called to receive the modest trunks of this fugitive family—the coachman was bidden to put his horses to again, and for the last time poor Rosey Newcome sate in her own carriage to which the Colonel conducted her with his courtly old bow, kissing the baby as it slept once more unconscious in its nurse's embrace, and bestowing a very grave and polite parting salute upon the Campaigner.

Then Clive and his father entered a cab on which the trunks were borne, and they drove to the Tower Stairs, where the ship lay which was to convey them out of England; and during that journey, no doubt, they talked over their altered prospects, and I am sure Clive's father blessed his son fondly, and committed him and his family to a good God's gracious keeping, and thought of him with sacred love when they had parted, and Thomas Newcome had returned to his lonely house to watch and to think of his ruined fortunes, and to pray that he might have courage under them; that he might bear his own fate honourably; and that a gentle one might be dealt to those beloved beings for whom his life had been sacrificed in vain.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

BELISARIUS.



WHEN the sale of Colonel Newcome's effects took place, a friend of the family bought in, for a few shillings, those two swords which had hung, as we have said, in the good man's chamber, and for which no single broker present had the heart to bid. The head of Clive's father, painted by himself, which had always kept its place in the young man's studio, together with a lot of his oil sketchings, easels and painting apparatus, were purchased by the faithful J. J., who kept them until his friend should return to London and reclaim them, and who showed the most generous solicitude in Clive's behalf. J. J. was elected of the Royal Academy this year, and Clive, it was evident, was working hard at the profession which he had always loved; for he sent over three pictures to the Academy, and I never knew man more mortified than the affectionate J. J., when two of these unlucky pieces were rejected by the committee for the year. One pretty little piece, called "The Stranded Boat," got a fair place on the Exhibition walls, and, you may be sure, was loudly praised by a certain critic in the "Pall Mall Gazette." The picture was sold on the first day of the exhibition at the price of twenty-five pounds, which the artist demanded; and, when the kind J. J. wrote to inform his friend of this satisfactory circumstance, and to say that he held the money at Clive's disposal, the latter replied, with many expressions of sincere gratitude, at the same time begging him directly to forward the money, with our old friend Thomas Newcome's love, to Mrs. Sarah Mason, at Newcome. But J. J. never informed his friend that he himself was the purchaser of the picture; nor was Clive made

acquainted with the fact until some time afterwards, when he found it hanging in Ridley's studio.

I have said that we none of us were aware at this time what was the real state of Colonel Newcome's finances, and hoped that, after giving up every shilling of his property which was confiscated to the creditors of the Bank, he had still, from his retiring pension and military allowances, at least enough reputably to maintain him. On one occasion, having business in the City, I there met Mr. Sherrick. Affairs had been going ill with that gentlemen—he had been let in terribly, he informed me, by Lord Levant's insolvency—having had large money transactions with his lordship. "There's none of them so good as old Newcome," Mr. Sherrick said with a sigh; "that was a good one—that was an honest man if ever I saw one—with no more guile, and no more idea of business than a baby. Why didn't he take my advice, poor old cove?—he might be comfortable now. Why did he sell away that annuity, Mr. Pendennis? I got it done for him when nobody else perhaps could have got it done for him—for the security 'aint worth twopence if Newcome wasn't an honest man;—but I know he is, and would rather starve and eat the nails off his fingers than not keep to his word, the old trump. And when he came to me, a good two months before the smash of the Bank, which I knew it, sir, and saw that it must come—when he came and raised three thousand pounds to meet them d—d electioneering bills, having to pay lawyers, commission, premium, life-insurance—*you* know the whole game, Mr. P.—I as good as went down on my knees to him—I did—at the North and South American Coffee-house, where he was to meet the party about the money, and said, 'Colonel, don't raise it—I tell you, let it stand over—let it go in along with the bankruptcy that's a-coming—but he wouldn't, sir—he went on like an old Bengal tiger, roaring about his honour; he paid the bills every shilling—infernal long bills they were—and it's my belief that, at this minute, he ain't got fifty pounds a year of his own to spend. I would send him back my commission—I would by Jove—only times is so bad, and that rascal Levant has let me in. It went to my heart to take the old cock's money—but it's gone—that and ever so much more—and Lady Whittlesea's chapel too, Mr. P. Hang that young Levant."

Squeezing my hand after this speech, Sherrick ran across the street after some other capitalist who was entering the Diddlesex Insurance Office, and left me very much grieved and dismayed at finding that my worst fears in regard to Thomas Newcome were confirmed. Should we confer with his wealthy family respecting the Colonel's impoverished condition? Was his brother Hobson Newcome aware of it? As for Sir Barnes, the quarrel between him and his uncle had been too fierce to admit of hopes of relief from that quarter. Barnes had been put to very heavy expenses in the first contested election; had come forward again immediately on his uncle's resignation, but again had been beaten

by a more liberal candidate, his quondam former friend, Mr. Higg—who formally declared against Sir Barnes—and who drove him finally out of the representation of Newcome. From this gentleman it was vain of course for Colonel Newcome's friends to expect relief.

How to aid him? He was proud—past work—nearly seventy years old. "Oh, why did those cruel academicians refuse Clive's pictures?" cries Laura. "I have no patience with them—had the pictures been exhibited I know who might have bought them—but that is vain now. He would suspect at once, and send her money away. Oh, Pen! why, why didn't he come when I wrote that letter to Brussels?"

From persons so poorly endowed with money as ourselves, any help, but of the merest temporary nature, was out of the question. We knew our friends too well not to know that they would disdain to receive it. It was agreed between me and Laura that at any rate I should go and see Clive. Our friends indeed were at a very short distance from us, and, having exiled themselves from England, could yet see its coasts from their windows upon any clear day. Boulogne was their present abiding place—refuge of how many thousands of other unfortunate Britons—and to this friendly port I betook myself speedily, having the address of Colonel Newcome. His quarters were in a quiet grass-grown old street of the Old Town. None of the family were at home when I called. There was indeed no servant to answer the bell, but the good-natured French domestic of a neighbouring lodger told me that the young Monsieur went out every day to make his designs, and that I should probably find the elder gentleman upon the rampart, where he was in the custom of going every day. I strolled along by those pretty old walks and bastions, under the pleasant trees which shadow them, and the gray old gabled houses from which you look down upon the gay new city, and the busy port, and the piers stretching into the shining sea, dotted with a hundred white sails or black smoking steamers, and bounded by the friendly lines of the bright English shore. There are few prospects more charming than the familiar view from those old French walls—few places where young children may play, and ruminating old age repose more pleasantly than on those peaceful rampart gardens.

I found our dear old friend seated on one of the benches, a newspaper on his knees, and by his side a red-cheeked little French lass, upon whose lap Thomas Newcome the younger lay sleeping. The Colonel's face flushed up when he saw me. As he advanced a step or two towards me I could see that he trembled in his walk. His hair had grown almost quite white. He looked now to be more than his age—he whose carriage last year had been so erect, whose figure had been so straight and manly. I was very much moved at meeting him, and at seeing the sad traces which pain and grief had left in the countenance of the dear old man.

"So you are come to see me, my good young friend," cried the

Colonel with a trembling voice. "It is very, very kind of you. Is not this a pretty drawing room to receive our friends in? We have not many of them now; Boy and I come and sit here for hours every day. Hasn't he grown a fine boy? He can say several words now, sir, and can walk surprisingly well. Soon he will be able to walk with his grandfather, and then Marie will not have the trouble to wait upon either of us." He repeated this sentiment in his pretty old French, and turning with a bow to Marie. The girl said Monsieur knew very well that she did not desire better than to come out with baby; that it was better than staying at home, pardieu; and, the clock striking at this moment, she rose up with her child, crying out that it was time to return, or Madame would scold.

"Mrs. Mackenzie has rather a short temper," the Colonel said with a gentle smile. "Poor thing, she has had a great deal to bear in consequence, Pen, of my imprudence. I am glad you never took shares in our bank. I should not be so glad to see you as I am now, if I had brought losses upon you as I have upon so many of my friends." I, for my part, trembled to hear that the good old man was under the domination of the Campaigner.

"Bayham sends me the paper regularly, he is a very kind faithful creature. How glad I am that he has got a snug berth in the City! His company really prospers, I am happy to think, unlike some companies you know of, Pen. I have read your two speeches, sir, and Clive and I liked them very much. The poor boy works all day at his pictures. You know he has sold one at the exhibition, which has given us a great deal of heart—and he has completed two or three more—and I am sitting to him now for—what do you think, sir? for Belisarius. Will you give Belisarius and the Obolus kind word?

"My dear, dear old friend," I said in great emotion, "if you will do me the kindness to take my Obolus or to use my services in any way, you will give me more pleasure than ever I had from your generous bounties in old days. Look, sir, I wear the watch which you gave me when you went to India. Did you not tell me then to look over Clive and serve him if I could? Can't I serve him now?" and I went on further in this strain, asseverating with great warmth and truth that my wife's affection and my own were most sincere for both of them, and that our pride would be to be able to help such dear friends.

The Colonel said I had a good heart, and my wife had, though—though——he did not finish this sentence, but I could interpret it without need of its completion. My wife and the two ladies of Colonel Newcome's family never could be friends, however much my poor Laura tried to be intimate with these women. Her very efforts at intimacy caused a frigidity and hauteur which Laura could not overcome, Little Rosey and her mother set us down as two aristocratic personages, nor for our parts were we very much disturbed at this opinion of the Campaigner and little Rosa.

I talked with the Colonel for half an hour or more about his affairs, which indeed were very gloomy, and Clive's prospects, of which he strove to present as cheering a view as possible. He was obliged to confirm the news which Sherrick had given me, and to own, in fact, that all his pension was swallowed up by a payment of interest and life insurance for sums which he had been compelled to borrow. How could he do otherwise than meet his engagements? Thank God, he had Clive's full approval for what he had done—had communicated the circumstance to his son almost immediately after it took place, and that was a comfort to him—an immense comfort. "For the women are very angry," said the poor Colonel, "you see they do not understand the laws of honour, at least as we understand them: and perhaps I was wrong in hiding the truth as I certainly did from Mrs. Mackenzie, but I acted for the best—I hoped against hope that some chance might turn in our favour. God knows, I had a hard task enough in wearing a cheerful face for months, and in following my little Rosa about to her parties and balls; but poor Mrs. Mackenzie has a right to be angry, only I wish my little girl did not side with her mother so entirely, for the loss of her affection gives me great pain."

So it was as I suspected. The Campaigner ruled over this family and added to all their distresses by her intolerable presence and tyranny. "Why, sir," I ventured to ask, "if, as I gather from you—and I remember," I added with a laugh, "certain battles royal which Clive described to me in old days—if you and the Campai— Mrs. Mackenzie do not agree, why should she continue to live with you, when you would all be so much happier apart."

"She has a right to live in the house," says the Colonel, "it is I who have no right in it. I am a poor old pensioner, don't you see, subsisting on Rosey's bounty. We live on the hundred a-year secured to her at her marriage, and Mrs. Mackenzie has her forty pounds of pension which she adds to the common stock. It is I who have made away with every shilling of Rosey's 17,000*l.*, God help me, and with 1500*l.* of her mother's. They put their little means together, and they keep us—me and Clive. What can we do for a living? Great God! What can we do? Why, I am so useless that even when my poor boy earned 25*l.* for his picture, I felt we were bound to send it to Sarah Mason, and you may fancy when this came to Mrs. Mackenzie's ears, what a life my boy and I led. I have never spoken of these things to any mortal soul —I even don't speak of them with Clive—but seeing your kind honest face has made me talk—you must pardon my garrulity—I am growing old, Arthur. This poverty and these quarrels have beaten my spirit down——there, I shall talk on this subject no more. I wish, sir, I could ask you to dine with us, but"—and here he smiled—"we must get the leave of the higher powers."

I was determined in spite of prohibitions and Campaigners to see my old friend Clive, and insisted on walking back with the Colonel to

his lodgings, at the door of which we met Mrs. Mackenzie and her daughter. Rosa blushed up a little—looked at her mamma—and then greeted me with a hand and a curtsey. The Campaigner also saluted me in a majestic but amicable manner, made no objection even to my entering her apartments and seeing *the condition to which they were reduced:* this phrase was uttered with particular emphasis and a significant look towards the Colonel, who bowed his meek head and preceded me into the lodgings which were in truth very homely, pretty and comfortable. The Campaigner was an excellent manager—restless, bothering, brushing perpetually. Such fugitive gim-cracks as they had brought away with them decorated the little salon. Mrs. Mackenzie, who took the entire command, even pressed me to dine and partake, if so fashionable a gentleman would *condescend* to partake, of a humble exile's fare. No fare was perhaps very pleasant to me in company with that woman, but I wanted to see my dear old Clive, and gladly accepted his voluble mother-in-law's not disinterested hospitality. She beckoned the Colonel aside; whispered to him, putting something into his hand; on which he took his hat and went away. Then Rosey was dismissed upon some other pretext, and I had the felicity to be left alone with Mrs. Captain Mackenzie.

She instantly improved the occasion; and with great eagerness and volubility entered into her statement of the present affairs and position of this unfortunate family. She described darling Rosey's delicate state, poor thing—nursed with tenderness and in the lap of luxury—brought up with every delicacy and the fondest mother—never knowing in the least how to take care of herself, and likely to fall down and perish unless the kind Campaigner were by to prop and protect her. She was in delicate health—very delicate—ordered cod liver oil by the doctor. Heaven knows how he could be paid for those expensive medicines out of the pittance which the *imprudence*—the most culpable and designing *imprudence,* and *extravagance,* and *folly* of Colonel Newcome had reduced them! Looking out from the window as she spoke I saw—we both saw—the dear old gentleman sadly advancing towards the house, a parcel in his hand. Seeing his near approach, and that our interview was likely to come to an end, Mrs. Mackenzie rapidly whispered to me that she knew I had a good heart—that I had been blest by providence with a fine fortune, which I knew how to keep better than *some* folks—and that if, as no doubt was my intention—for with what other but a charitable view could I have come to see them—and most generous and noble was it of you to come, and I always thought it of you, Mr. Pendennis, whatever *other* people said to the contrary. If I proposed to give them relief, which was most needful—and for which a *mother's blessings* would follow me—let it be to her, the Campaigner, that my loan should be confided—for as for the Colonel, he is not fit to be trusted with a shilling, and has already flung away *immense sums* upon some old woman he keeps in the

country, leaving his darling Rosey without the actual necessaries of life.

The woman's greed and rapacity—the flattery with which she chose to belabour me at dinner, so choked and disgusted me, that I could hardly swallow the meal, though my poor old friend had been sent out to purchase a paté from the pastry-cook's for my especial refection. Clive was not at the dinner. He seldom returned till late at night on sketching days. Neither his wife nor his mother-in-law seemed much to miss him; and seeing that the Campaigner engrossed the entire share of the conversation, and proposed not to leave me for five minutes alone with the Colonel, I took leave rather speedily of my entertainers, leaving a message for Clive, and a prayer that he would come and see me at my hotel.

CHAPTER XXXV.

IN WHICH BELISARIUS RETURNS FROM EXILE.

I was sitting in the dusk in my room at the Hotel des Bains, when the visitor for whom I hoped, made his appearance in the person of Clive, with his broad shoulders, and broad hat, and a shaggy beard, which he had thought fit in his quality of painter to assume. Our greeting it need not be said was warm; and our talk, which extended far into the night, very friendly and confidential. If I make my readers confidants in Mr. Clive's private affairs, I ask my friend's pardon for narrating his history in their behoof. The world had gone very ill with my poor Clive, and I do not think that the pecuniary losses which had visited him and his father afflicted him near so sorely as the state of his home. In a pique with the woman he loved, and from that generous weakness which formed part of his character, and which led him to acquiesce in most wishes of his good father, the young man had gratified the darling desire of the Colonel's heart, and taken the wife whom his two old friends brought to him. Rosey, who was also, as we have shown, of a very obedient and ductile nature, had acquiesced gladly enough in her mamma's opinion, that she was in love with the rich and handsome young Clive, and accepted him for better or worse. So undoubtedly would this good child have accepted Captain Hoby her previous adorer, have smilingly promised fidelity to the Captain at church, and have made a very good, happy, and sufficient little wife for that officer,—had not mamma commanded her to jilt him. What wonder that these elders should wish to see their two dear young ones united? They began with suitable age, money, good temper, and parent's blessings. It is not the first time that with all these excellent helps to prosperity and happiness, a marriage has turned out unfortunately—a pretty, tight ship gone to wreck that set forth on its

voyage with cheers from the shore, and every prospect of fair wind and fine weather.

We have before quoted poor Clive's simile of the shoes with which his good old father provided him—as pretty a little pair of shoes as need be—only they did not fit the wearer. If they pinched him at first, how they blistered and tortured him now! If Clive was gloomy and discontented even when the honeymoon had scarce waned, and he and his family sat at home in state and splendour under the boughs of the famous silver cocoa-nut tree; what was the young man's condition now in poverty, when they had no love along with a scant dinner of herbs; when his mother-in-law grudged each morsel which his poor old father ate—when a vulgar, coarse-minded woman pursued with brutal sarcasm and deadly rancour one of the tenderest and noblest gentlemen in the world—when an ailing wife, always under some one's domination, received him with helpless hysterical cries and reproaches—when a coarse female tyrant, stupid, obstinate, utterly unable to comprehend the son's kindly genius, or the father's gentle spirit, bullied over both, using the intolerable undeniable advantage which her actual wrongs gave her to tyrannise over these two wretched men! He had never heard the last of that money which they had sent to Mrs. Mason, Clive said. When the knowledge of the fact came to the Campaigner's ears, she raised such a storm as almost killed the poor Colonel, and drove his son half mad. She seized the howling infant, vowing that its unnatural father and grandfather were bent upon starving it—she consoled and sent Rosey into hysterics—she took the outlawed parson to whose church they went, and the choice society of bankrupt captains, captain's ladies, fugitive stock-broker's wives, and dingy frequenters of billiard-rooms, and refugees from the Bench, into her councils; and in her daily visits amongst these personages, and her walks on the pier, whither she trudged with poor Rosey in her train, Mrs. Mackenzie made known her own wrongs and her daughter's—showed how the Colonel, having robbed and cheated them previously, was now living upon them, in so much that Mrs. Bolter, the levanting auctioneer's wife, would not make the poor old man a bow when she met him—that Mrs. Captain Kitely, whose husband had lain for seven years past in Boulogne gaol, ordered her son to cut Clive; and when, the child being sick, the poor old Colonel went for arrowroot to the chemist's, young Snooks, the apothecary's assistant, refused to allow him to take the powder away without previously depositing the money.

He had no money, Thomas Newcome. He gave up every farthing. After having impoverished all around him, he had no right, he said, to touch a sixpence of the wretched pittance remaining to them—he had even given up his cigar, the poor old man, the companion and comforter of forty years. He was "not fit to be trusted with money," Mrs. Mackenzie said, and the good man owned as he ate his scanty crust, and bowed his noble old head in silence under that cowardly persecution.

And this at the end of three score and seven or eight years, was to be the close of a life which had been spent in freedom and splendour, and kindness and honour; this the reward of the noblest heart that ever beat—the tomb and prison of a gallant warrior who had ridden in twenty battles—whose course through life had been a bounty wherever it had passed—whose name had been followed by blessings, and whose career was to end here—here—in a mean room, in a mean alley of a foreign town—a low furious woman standing over him and stabbing the kind defenceless heart with killing insult and daily outrage!

As we sat together in the dark, Clive told me this wretched story, which was wrung from him with a passionate emotion that I could not but keenly share. He wondered the old man lived, Clive said. Some of the women's taunts and jibes, as he could see, struck his father so that he gasped and started back as if some one had lashed him with a whip. "He would make away with himself," said poor Clive, "but he deems this is his punishment, and that he must bear it as long as it pleases God. He does not care for his own losses, as far as they concern himself: but these reproaches of Mrs. Mackenzie, and some things which were said to him in the Bankruptcy Court, by one or two widows of old friends, who were induced through his representations to take shares in that infernal Bank, have affected him dreadfully. I hear him lying awake and groaning at night, God bless him. Great God! what can I do—what can I do?" burst out the young man in a dreadful paroxysm of grief. "I have tried to get lessons—I went to London on the deck of a steamer, and took a lot of drawings with me—tried picture dealers—pawnbrokers—Jews—Moss, whom you may remember at Gandish's, and who gave me, for forty-two drawings, 18*l.* I brought the money back to Boulogne. It was enough to pay the doctor, and bury our last poor little dead baby. *Tenez*, Pen, you must give me some supper, I have had nothing all day but a *pain de deux sous*, I can't stand it at home.—My heart's almost broken—you must give me some money, Pen, old boy. I know you will. I thought of writing to you, but I wanted to support myself, you see. When I went to London with the drawings I tried George's chambers, but he was in the country. I saw Crackthorpe on the street, in Oxford-street, but I could not face him, and bolted down Hanway-yard. I tried, and I could not ask him, and I got the 18*l.* from Moss that day, and came home with it."

Give him money? of course I would give him money—my dear old friend! And, as an alterative and a wholesome shock to check that burst of passion and grief in which the poor fellow indulged, I thought fit to break into a very fierce and angry invective on my own part, which served to disguise the extreme feeling of pain and pity that I did not somehow choose to exhibit. I rated Clive soundly, and taxed him with unfriendliness and ingratitude for not having sooner applied to friends who would think shame of themselves whilst he was in need. Whatever he wanted was his as much as mine. I could not under-

stand how the necessity of the family should, in truth, be so extreme as he described it, for after all many a poor family lived upon very much less; but I uttered none of these objections, checking them with the thought that Clive, on his first arrival at Boulogne, entirely ignorant of the practice of economy, might have imprudently engaged in expenses which had reduced him to this present destitution.*

I took the liberty of asking about debts, and of these Clive gave me to understand there were none—at least none of his, or his father's contracting. "If we were too proud to borrow, and I think we were wrong, Pen, my dear old boy—I think we were wrong now—at least, we were too proud to owe. My colourman takes his bill out in drawings, and I think owes me a trifle. He got me some lessons at fifty sous a ticket—a pound the ten—from an economical swell who has taken a chateau here, and has two flunkies in livery. He has four daughters, who take advantage of the lessons, and screws ten per cent. upon the poor colourman's pencils and drawing paper. It's pleasant work to give the lessons to the children; and to be patronised by the swell; and not expensive to him, is it, Pen? But I don't mind that, if I could but get lessons enough: for, you see, besides our expenses here, we must have some more money, and the dear old governor would die outright if poor old Sarah Mason did not get her 50*l.* a-year.

And now there arrived a plentiful supper, and a bottle of good wine, of which the giver was not sorry to partake after the meagre dinner at three o'clock, to which I had been invited by the Campaigner; and it was midnight when I walked back with my friend to his house in the upper town; and all the stars of heaven were shining cheerily; and my dear Clive's face wore an expression of happiness, such as I remembered in old days, as we shook hands and parted with a "God bless you."

To Clive's friend, revolving these things in his mind, as he lay in one of those most snug and comfortable beds at the excellent Hotel des Bains, it appeared that this town of Boulogne was a very bad market for the artist's talents; and that he had best bring them to London, where a score of old friends would assuredly be ready to help him. And if the Colonel, too, could be got away from the domination of the Campaigner, I felt certain that the dear old gentleman could but profit by his leave of absence. My wife and I at this time inhabited a spacious old house in Queen's Square, Westminster, where there was plenty of room for father and son. I knew that Laura would be delighted to welcome these guests—may the wife of every worthy gentleman who reads these pages be as ready to receive her husband's friends.—It was the state of Rosa's health, and the Campaigner's authority and permission, about

* I did not know at the time that Mrs. Mackenzie had taken entire superintendence of the family treasury—and that this exemplary woman was putting away, as she had done previously, sundry little sums to meet rainy days.

which I was in doubt, and whether this lady's two slaves would be allowed to go away.

These cogitations kept the present biographer long awake, and he did not breakfast next day until an hour before noon. I had the coffee-room to myself by chance, and my meal was not yet ended when the waiter announced a lady to visit Mr. Pendennis, and Mrs. Mackenzie made her appearance. No signs of care or poverty were visible in the attire or countenance of the buxom widow. A handsome bonnet decorated within with a profusion of poppies, blue-bells, and ears of corn; a jewel on her forehead, not costly, but splendid in appearance, and glittering artfully over that central spot from which her wavy chesnut hair parted to cluster in ringlets round her ample cheeks; a handsome India shawl, smart gloves, a rich silk dress, a neat parasol of blue with pale yellow lining, a multiplicity of glittering rings and a very splendid gold watch and chain, which I remembered in former days as hanging round poor Rosey's white neck;—all these adornments set off the widow's person, so that you might have thought her a wealthy capitalist's lady, and never could have supposed that she was a poor, cheated, ruined, robbed, unfortunate Campaigner.

Nothing could be more gracious than the *accueil* of this lady. She paid me many handsome compliments about my literary works—asked most affectionately for dear Mrs. Pendennis and the dear children—and then, as I expected, coming to business, contrasted the happiness and genteel position of my wife and family with the misery and wrongs of her own blessed child and grandson. She never could call that child by the odious name which he received at his baptism. *I* knew what bitter reasons she had to dislike the name of Thomas Newcome.

She again rapidly enumerated the wrongs she had received at the hands of that gentleman; mentioned the vast sums of money out of which she and her soul's darling had been tricked by that poor muddle-headed creature, to say no worse of him; and described finally their present pressing need. The doctors, the burial, Rosey's delicate condition, the cost of sweetbreads, calf's-foot jelly, and cod-liver oil, were again passed in a rapid calculation before me; and she ended her speech by expressing her gratification that I had attended to her advice of the previous day, and not given Clive Newcome a direct loan; that the family wanted it, the Campaigner called upon heaven to witness; that Clive and his absurd poor father would fling guineas out of the window was a fact equally certain; the rest of the argument was obvious, namely, that Mr. Pendennis should administer a donation to herself.

I had brought but a small sum of money in my pocket-book, though Mrs. Mackenzie, intimate with bankers, and having, thank heaven, in spite of all her misfortunes, the utmost confidence of *all* her tradesmen, hinted a perfect willingness on her part to accept an order upon her friends, Hobson Brothers of London.

This direct thrust I gently and smilingly parried by asking Mrs. Mackenzie whether she supposed a gentleman who had just paid an electioneering bill, and had, at the best of times, but a very small income, might sometimes not be in a condition to draw satisfactorily upon Messrs. Hobson or any other bankers? Her countenance fell at this remark, nor was her cheerfulness much improved by the tender of one of the two bank notes which then happened to be in my possession. I said that I had a use for the remaining note, and that it would not be more than sufficient to pay my hotel bill, and the expenses of my party back to London.

My party? I had here to divulge, with some little trepidation, the plan which I had been making over night; to explain how I thought that Clive's great talents were wasted at Boulogne, and could only find a proper market in London; how I was pretty certain, through my connection with booksellers, to find some advantageous employment for him, and would have done so months ago had I known the state of the case; but I had believed, until within a very few days since, that the Colonel, in spite of his bankruptcy, was still in the enjoyment of considerable military pensions.

This statement, of course, elicited from the widow a number of remarks not complimentary to my dear old Colonel. He might have kept his pensions had he not been a fool—he was a baby about money matters—misled himself and everybody—was a log in the house, &c., &c., &c.

I suggested that his annuities might possibly be put into some more satisfactory shape—that I had trustworthy lawyers with whom I would put him in communication—that he had best come to London to see to these matters—and that my wife had a large house where she would most gladly entertain the two gentlemen.

This I said with some reasonable dread—fearing, in the first place, her refusal; in the second, her acceptance of the invitation with a proposal, as our house was large, to come herself, and inhabit it for a while. Had I not seen that Campaigner arrive for a month at poor James Binney's house in Fitzroy Square, and stay there for many years? Was I not aware that when she once set her foot in a gentleman's establishment, terrific battles must ensue before she could be dislodged? Had she not once been routed by Clive? and was she not now in command and possession? Do I not, finally, know something of the world; and have I not a weak, easy temper? I protest it was with terror that I awaited the widow's possible answer to my proposal.

To my great relief, she expressed the utmost approval of both my plans. I was uncommonly kind, she was sure, to interest myself about the two gentlemen, and for her blessed Rosa's sake, a fond mother thanked me. It was most advisable that Clive should earn some money by that horrid profession which he had chosen to adopt—*trade*,

she called it. She was clearly anxious to get rid both of father and son, and agreed that the sooner they went the better.

We walked back arm in arm to the Colonel's quarters in the old town, Mrs. Mackenzie, in the course of our walk, doing me the honour to introduce me by name to several dingy acquaintances whom we met sauntering up the street, and imparting to me, as each moved away, the pecuniary cause of his temporary residence in Boulogne. Spite of Rosey's delicate state of health, Mrs. Mackenzie did not hesitate to break the news to her of the gentlemen's probable departure, abruptly and eagerly, as if the intelligence was likely to please her:—and it did, rather than otherwise. The young woman, being in the habit of letting mamma judge for her, continued it in this instance; and whether her husband stayed or went, seemed to be equally content or apathetic. "And is it not most kind and generous of dear Mr. and Mrs. Pendennis to propose to receive Mr. Newcome and the Colonel?" This opportunity for gratitude being pointed out to Rosey, she acquiesced in it straightway—it was very kind of me, Rosey was sure. "And don't you ask after dear Mrs. Pendennis and the dear children—you poor dear suffering darling child?" Rosey, who had neglected this inquiry, immediately hoped Mrs. Pendennis and the children were well. The overpowering mother had taken utter possession of this poor little thing. Rosey's eyes followed the Campaigner about, and appealed to her at all moments. She sat under Mrs. Mackenzie as a bird before a boa-constrictor, doomed—fluttering—fascinated—scared and fawning as a whipt spaniel before a keeper.

The Colonel was on his accustomed bench on the rampart at this sunny hour. I repaired thither, and found the old gentleman seated by his grandson, who lay, as yesterday, on the little bonne's lap, one of his little purple hands closed round the grandfather's finger. "Hush!" says the good man, lifting up his other finger to his moustache, as I approached, "Boy's asleep. Il est bien joli quand il dort—le Boy, n'est ce pas, Marie?" The maid believed monsieur well—the boy was a little angel. "This maid is a most trustworthy, valuable person, Pendennis," the Colonel said, with much gravity.

The boa-constrictor had fascinated him, too—the lash of that woman at home had cowed that helpless, gentle, noble spirit. As I looked at the head so upright and manly, now so beautiful and resigned—the year of his past life seemed to pass before me somehow in a flash of thought. I could fancy the accursed tyranny—the dumb acquiescence—the brutal jeer—the helpless remorse—the sleepless nights of pain and recollection—the gentle heart lacerated with deadly stabs—and the impotent hope. I own I burst into a sob at the sight, and thought of the noble suffering creature, and hid my face, and turned away.

He sprang up, releasing his hand from the child's, and placing it, the kind, shaking hand on my shoulder. "What is it, Arthur—my

dear boy?" he said, looking wistfully in my face. "No bad news from home, my dear? Laura and the children well?"

The emotion was mastered in a moment, I put his arm under mine, and as we slowly sauntered up and down the sunny walk of the old rampart, I told him how I had come with special commands from Laura to bring him for awhile to stay with us, and to settle his business, which I was sure had been wofully mismanaged, and to see whether we could not find the means of getting some little out of the wreck of the property for the boy yonder.

At first Colonel Newcome would not hear of quitting Boulogne where Rosey would miss him—he was sure she would want him—but before the ladies of his family, to whom we presently returned, Thomas Newcome's resolution was quickly recalled. He agreed to go, and Clive coming in at this time was put in possession of our plan and gladly acquiesced in it. On that very evening I came with a carriage to conduct my two friends to the steam-boat. Their little packets were made and ready. There was no pretence of grief at parting on the women's side, but Marie, the little maid, with Boy in her arms, cried sadly; and Clive heartily embraced the child; and the Colonel going back to give it one more kiss, drew out of his neckcloth a little gold brooch which he wore, and which, trembling, he put into Marie's hand, bidding her take good care of Boy till his return.

"She is a good girl—a most faithful, attached girl, Arthur, do you see," the kind old gentleman said; "and I had no money to give her—no, not one single rupee."

IMPORTANT FAMILY MEDICINE.

NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS,

THE

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EFFECTUAL AID IN CASES OF INDIGESTION.

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exertion. The minds of persons so afflicted frequently become irritable and desponding, and great anxiety is observable in the countenance; they appear thoughtful, melancholy, and dejected, under great apprehension of some imaginary danger, will start at any unexpected noise or occurrence, and become so agitated that they require some time to calm and collect themselves; yet for all this the mind is exhilarated without much

ing degree of warmth and strength to the stomach; and in all cases of indigestion, gout in the stomach, windy colic, and general weakness, it has for ages been strongly recommended by the most eminent practitioners as very useful and beneficial. The great, indeed only, objection to its use has been the large quantity of water which it takes to dissolve a small part of the flowers, and which must be taken with it into the

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AND ALL STOMACH COMPLAINTS,

AND, AS A NATURAL CONSEQUENCE,

A PURIFIER OF THE BLOOD, AND A SWEETENER OF THE WHOLE SYSTEM.

INDIGESTON is a weakness or want of power of the digestive juices in the stomach to convert what we eat and drink into healthy matter, for the proper nourishment of the whole system. It is caused by every thing which weakens the system in general, or the stomach in particular. From it proceed nearly all the diseases to which we are liable; for it is very certain, that if we could always keep the stomach right we should only die by old age or accident. Indigestion produces a great variety of unpleasant sensations: amongst the most prominent of its miserable effects are a want of, or an inordinate appetite, sometimes attended with a constant craving for drink, a distension or feeling of enlargement of the stomach, flatulency, heartburn, pains in the stomach, acidity, unpleasant taste in the mouth, perhaps sickness, rumbling noise in the bowels: in some cases of depraved digestion there is nearly a complete disrelish for food, but still the appetite is not greatly impaired, as at the stated period of meals persons so afflicted can eat heartily, although without much gratification; a long train of nervous symptoms are also frequent attendants, general debility, great languidness, and incapacity for exertion. The minds of persons so afflicted frequently become irritable and desponding, and great anxiety is observable in the countenance; they appear thoughtful, melancholy, and dejected, under great apprehension of some imaginary danger, will start at any unexpected noise or occurrence, and become so agitated that they require some time to calm and collect themselves; yet for all this the mind is exhilarated without much difficulty; pleasing events, society, will for a time dissipate all appearance of disease; but the excitement produced by an agreeable change vanishes soon after the cause has gone by. Other symptoms are, violent palpitations, restlessness, the sleep disturbed by frightful dreams and startings, and affording little or no refreshment; occasionally there is much moaning, with a sense of weight and oppression upon the chest, nightmare, &c.

It is almost impossible to enumerate all the symptoms of this first invader upon the constitution, as in a hundred cases of *Indigestion* there will probably be something peculiar to each; but, be they what they may, they are all occasioned by the food becoming a burden rather than a support to the stomach; and in all its stages the medicine most wanted is that which will afford speedy and effectual assistance to the digestive organs, and give energy to the nervous and muscular systems,—nothing can more speedily or with more certainty effect so desirable an object than *Norton's Extract of Camomile Flowers*. The herb has from time immemorial been highly esteemed in England as a grateful anodyne, imparting an aromatic bitter to the taste, and a pleasing degree of warmth and strength to the stomach; and in all cases of indigestion, gout in the stomach, windy colic, and general weakness, it has for ages been strongly recommended by the most eminent practitioners as very useful and beneficial. The great, indeed only, objection to its use has been the large quantity of water which it takes to dissolve a small part of the flowers, and which must be taken with it into the

stomach. It requires a quarter of a pint of boiling water to dissolve the soluble portion of one drachm of Camomile Flowers; and, when one or even two ounces may be taken with advantage, it must at once be seen how impossible it is to take a proper dose of this wholesome herb in the form of tea; and the only reason why it has not long since been placed the very first in rank of all restorative medicines is, that in taking it the stomach has always been loaded with water, which tends in a great measure to counteract, and very frequently wholly to destroy the effect. It must be evident that loading a weak stomach with a large quantity of water, merely for the purpose of conveying into it a small quantity of medicine must be injurious; and that the medicines must possess powerful renovating properties only to counteract the bad effects likely to be produced by the water. Generally speaking, this has been the case with Camomile Flowers, a herb possessing the highest restorative qualities, and when properly taken, decidedly the most speedy restorer, and the most certain preserver of health.

These PILLS are wholly CAMOMILE, prepared by a peculiar process, accidentally discovered, and known only to the proprietor, and which he firmly believes to be one of the most valuable modern discoveries in medicine, by which all the essential and extractive matter of more than an ounce of the flowers is concentrated in four moderate-sized pills. Experience has afforded the most ample proof that they possess all the fine aromatic and stomachic properties for which the herb has been esteemed; and, as they are taken into the stomach unencumbered by any diluting or indigestible substance, in the same degree has their benefit been more immediate and decided. Mild in their operation and pleasant in their effect, they may be taken at any age, and under any circumstance, without danger or inconvenience. A person exposed to cold and wet a whole day or night could not possibly receive any injury from taking them, but, on the contrary, they would effectually prevent a cold being taken. After a long acquaintance with and strict observance of the medicinal properties of *Norton's Camomile Pills*, it is only doing them justice to say, that they are really the most valuable of all TONIC MEDICINES. By the word tonic is meant a medicine which gives strength to the stomach sufficient to digest in proper quantities all wholesome food, which increases the power of every nerve and muscle of the human body, or, in other words, invigorates the nervous and muscular systems. The solidity or firmness of the whole tissue of the body which so quickly follows the use of *Norton's Camomile Pills*, their certain and speedy effects in repairing the partial dilapidations from time or intemperance, and their lasting salutary influence on the whole frame, is most convincing, that in the smallest compass is contained the largest quantity of the tonic principle, of so peculiar a nature as to pervade the whole system, through which it diffuses health and strength sufficient to resist the formation of disease, and also to fortify the constitution against contagion; as such, their general use is strongly recommended as a preventative during the prevalence of malignant fever or other infectious diseases, and to persons attending sick rooms they are invaluable, as in no one instance have they ever failed in preventing the taking of illness, even under the most trying circumstances.

As *Norton's Camomile Pills* are particularly recommended for all stomach complaints or indigestion, it will probably be expected that some advice should be given respecting diet, though after all that has been written upon the subject, after the publication of volume upon volume, after the country has, as it were, been inundated with practical essays on diet, as a means of prolonging life, it would be unnecessary to say more, did we not feel it our duty to make the humble endeavour of inducing the public to regard them not, but to adopt that course which is dictated by nature, by reason, and by common sense. Those persons who study the wholesomes, and are governed by the opinions of writers on diet, are uniformly both unhealthy in body and weak in mind. There can be no doubt that the palate is designed to inform us what is proper for the stomach, and of course that must best instruct us what food to take and what to avoid: we want no other adviser. Nothing can be more clear than that those articles which are agreeable to the taste were by nature intended for our food and sustenance, whether liquid or solid, foreign or of native production: if they are pure and unadulterated, no harm need be dreaded by their

use; they will only injure by abuse. Consequently, whatever the palate approves, eat and drink always in moderation, but never in excess; keeping in mind that the first process of digestion is performed in the mouth, the second in the stomach; and that in order that the stomach may be able to do its work properly, it is requisite the first process should be well performed; this consists in masticating or chewing the solid food, so as to break down and separate the fibres and small substances of meat and vegetables, mixing them well, and blending the whole together before they are swallowed; and it is particularly urged upon all to take plenty of time to their meals, and never eat in haste. If you conform to this short and simple, but comprehensive advice, and find that there are various things which others eat and drink with pleasure and without inconvenience, and which would be pleasant to yourself only that they disagree, you may at once conclude that the fault is in the stomach, that it does not possess the power which it ought to do, that it wants assistance, and the sooner that assistance is afforded the better. A very short trial of this medicine will best prove how soon it will put the stomach in a condition to perform with ease all the work which nature intended for it. By its use you will soon be able to enjoy, in moderation, whatever is agreeable to the taste, and unable to name one individual article of food which disagrees with or sits unpleasantly on the stomach. Never forget that a small meal well digested affords more nourishment to the system than a large one, even of the same food, when digested imperfectly. Let the dish be ever so delicious, ever so enticing a variety offered, the bottle ever so enchanting, never forget that temperance tends to preserve health, and that health is the soul of enjoyment. But should an impropriety be at any time, or ever so often committed, by which the stomach becomes overloaded or disordered, render it immediate aid by taking a dose of *Norton's Camomile Pills*, which will so promptly assist in carrying off the burden thus imposed upon it that all will soon be right again.

It is most certainly true that every person in his lifetime consumes a quantity of noxious matter, which if taken at one meal would be fatal: it is these small quantities of noxious matter, which are introduced into our food, either by accident or wilful adulteration, which we find so often upset the stomach, and not unfrequently lay the foundation of illness, and perhaps final ruination to health. To preserve the constitution, it should be our constant care, if possible, to counteract the effect of these small quantities of unwholesome matter; and whenever, in that way, an enemy to the constitution finds its way into the stomach, a friend should be immediately sent after it, which would prevent its mischievous effects, and expel it altogether; no better friend can be found, nor one which will perform the task with greater certainty than NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS. And let it be observed that the longer this medicine is taken the less it will be wanted; it can in no case become habitual, as its entire action is to give energy and force to the stomach, which is the spring of life, the source from which the whole frame draws its succour and support. After an excess of eating or drinking, and upon every occasion of the general health being at all disturbed, these PILLS should be immediately taken, as they will stop and eradicate disease at its commencement. Indeed, it is most confidently asserted, that by the timely use of this medicine only, and a common degree of caution, any person may enjoy all the comforts within his reach, may pass through life without an illness, and with the certainty of attaining a healthy OLD AGE.

On account of their volatile properties, they must be kept in bottles; and if closely corked their qualities are neither impaired by time nor injured by any change of climate whatever. Price 1s. 1½d., and 2s. 9d. each, with full directions. The large bottle contains the quantity of three small ones, or PILLS equal to fourteen ounces of CAMOMILE FLOWERS.

Sold by nearly all respectable Medicine Vendors.

Be particular to ask for "NORTON'S PILLS," and do not be pursuaded to purchase an imitation.

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GODFREY'S EXTRACT OF ELDER FLOWERS

is strongly recommended for Softening, Improving, Beautifying, and Preserving the SKIN, and giving it a blooming and charming appearance; being at once a most fragrant perfume and delightful cosmetic. It will completely remove Tan, Sunburn, Redness, &c., and, by its Balsamic and Healing qualities, render the skin soft, pliable, and free from dryness, scurf, &c.; clear it from every humour, pimple, or eruption; and by continuing its use only a short time, the skin will become and continue soft and smooth, and the complexion perfectly clear and beautiful. In the process of Shaving it is invaluable, as it allays the irritation and smarting pain, annihilates every pimple and all roughness, and renders the skin smooth and firm. It protects the skin from the effects of the cold winds and damp atmosphere which prevail during the winter months, and will be found beyond all praise to use as a Family Lotion on all occasions.

Sold in Bottles, price 2s. 9d., with Directions for using it, by all Medicine Vendors and Perfumers.

A CURE FOR GOUT AND RHEUMATISM.

"*The Eighth Plague,*" said the learned Dr. Johnson, "*is the Gout, and that man who discovers a Medicine to alleviate its torments deserves well of his country; but he who can effect a cure should have a Monument raised to his memory as high as St. Paul's, as wide as the Thames, and as lasting as time.*"

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are sold by nearly all Medicine Vendors at 1s. 1½d., and 2s. 9d. per Box, *the former containing doses for* five, *and the later for* fifteen *days;* and so many individuals, who considered themselves martyrs to Gout or Rheumatism, are now ready and willing to bear testimony of the wonderful effects of Simco's Pills, that the Proprietor fearlessly challenges the whole world to produce a Medicine which at all deserves to be compared to them. There are *many* instances in which persons have been completely restored to health and activity by taking SIMCO'S GOUT PILLS, who have suffered from Rheumatic Gout for several years, and had drawn on a miserable existence, having lost the use of their limbs, believing that death alone could terminate their sufferings.

Whilst taking the Pills, no particular rules or restrictions are necessary, as they are warranted not to contain any preparation of Mercury whatever; they seldom produce perspiration, purging, or sickness, but invariably improve the general health, sharpen the appetite, and facilitate digestion. Those periodically subject to Gout, Rheumatic Gout, Rheumatic Fever, &c., should keep these Pills by them, as by their timely use an approaching attack may always be averted, and the tendency of these complaints to attack a vital part be effectually counteracted.

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is the most efficacious remedy ever discovered for the relief of persons suffering from Influenza; the first two doses generally arrest the progress of this distressing complaint, and a little perseverance completely removes it. Children's Coughs, as well as recent ones in Adults, will be removed by a few doses (frequently by the first); and Asthmatic persons, who previously had not been able to lie down in bed, have received the utmost benefit from the use of

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THE NATIONAL REVIEW.

On the 30th *June*, 1855, it is intended to publish the *First Number* of "**THE NATIONAL REVIEW**," a new Quarterly Journal of General Literature, Politics, and Social and Religious Philosophy.

In originating such a Periodical the Conductors believe that they will supply a want long recognised, and every day more urgently felt by thousands of their thoughtful countrymen, who are unable to identify themselves with any one of the acknowledged parties in Church or State. It appears to us that there is no party, ecclesiastical or political, that is not manifestly embarrassed rather than sustained by its own watchwords and traditions. The established and conventional formulas of thought are confessedly inadequate to express the actual convictions of the time; and, though often liberally interpreted or questionably stretched to embrace the new conditions, this very accommodation virtually surrenders their essential life, and confesses the presence of younger energies and aspirations, which claim independent and original expression.

The effects of this have naturally been unfavourable to periodical literature. We are far from denying the excellent tone, taste, and temper, the great information, the high and available literary talent which characterize many of our leading periodicals: but we believe they suffer from the state of the parties of which they are the organs—they are marked by a want of steady adherence to ascertained principle, of coherent and strict deductions, of defined and searching discussion.

On religious subjects especially we think it painfully evident, that there is not at present in this country any adequate organ for

the expression and instruction of the many minds which are trying to combine with a habit of free enquiry, the faithful adherence to realized and definite truth. The very aim at comprehensive principles is not recognised in most quarters; and in others the feeling of reverence, and the real existence of objects for reverence, seem to be altogether disregarded.

The selection of our name is no accident. Having a rooted faith in all *indigenous* products of thought and feeling, we conceive that too foreign a cast has been imparted to the character of our Christianity by the historical accidents of its introduction into this country. Neither Catholicism nor Protestantism is the growth of English soil; and probably not till Christian truth has shaped itself afresh under the home conditions of affection and character, will the religious *malaise* of our society cease. The National Review will interpret, it is believed, the deliberate faith of most cultivated English laymen, however now scattered among different churches,—a faith that fears no reality, and will permanently endure no fiction. No one who recognises in Historic Christianity God's highest witness and revelation, can suppose that the world and the human mind are, or ever were, abandoned by their Divine and living guide; and we believe that to ignore or to disown the traces of His agency in the excellence and truth of every age, is not piety, but treason to His spirit. To preserve, in our treatment of philosophical or historical theology, the tone of reverence which is due to the earnest convictions of others, will be to us no artificial self-restraint, but the expression of natural disposition. With two things only, in this relation, we profess to keep no terms—the conceited Indifferentism, which, as its humour changes, pets or persecutes all faiths alike; and the insolent Dogmatism which treats eternal truth as a private and exclusive property. Believing that in this country, amid all the clamour of sects, the Religion of widest range and deepest seat is as yet without a voice or name, we aspire, in this department of our work, to help it into adequate expression.

As Englishmen, we place unbounded confidence in the bases of English character,—its moderation and veracity; its firm hold on reality; its reverence for law and right; its historical tenacity; its aversion to *à priori* politics, and to revolutions generated out of speculative data.

We think, however, that even here there is room for a more constant reference to general principle than is now usual in this country. Many of our most influential organs seem to us to wander into discussions of business and detail, which may be useful in the narrow circles of official and merely political society, but are scarcely suited to the perusal of thoughtful and able men in the country at large, whose occupations prevent their following the minutiæ of transitory discussion, but who wish to be guided to general conclusions on important topics, and whose incalculable influence on public opinion makes it most important to give them the means of arriving at just conclusions.

We conceive the office of theory in such matters not to be, as was once thought, the elaborate construction of paper constitutions for all ages and all countries; but rather to ascertain and clearly define the conditions under which the various national characters and institutions have developed themselves; and to deduce, if possible, with fulness and sequence the rationale of the suitableness of each polity to its appropriate nation. We would neither confine our political sympathies at home, nor carry our political doctrines ruthlessly and indiscriminately abroad. We feel no vocation for any sort of cosmopolitan propagandism, which would merge the distinctions of Race in the common features of Humanity; and would assume that what is good for us must be good for all, without regard to intrinsic character or historic antecedents. But we *do* acknowledge and will enforce those mutual claims of sympathy and duty between nations which no division of the great human family can guiltlessly evade, believing that the virtue and well-being of States is forfeited, not fostered, by selfish exclusiveness, as surely as the egotist, most studious of his own happiness, finds it soonest waste away. The present exciting crisis may not be the most favourable for the prosecution of internal reforms; but the prospect of European danger, and the appeal to all classes for noble sacrifices, which have done so much to sweep away the dissensions of sect and party, and to make the whole Empire conscious once more of the pulsation of a common heart, have, we think, created a conjuncture pre-eminently favourable to the ripening of national sentiment, and the abatement of artificial divisions; and a survey of our institutions and relations, while the dominant temper is thus genial and generous, may prepare a body of opinion uncorrupted by narrow prejudices or selfish claims.

For the working classes we confidently anticipate a social condition far in advance of their present state; we have earnestly at heart the people's happiness and the people's elevation; but we shall not allow our warm sympathies and earnest wishes in this direction to betray us into any faithless compromise of the principles of economic science.

Our object in literature will be analogous to our aim in politics. We wish as before to secure a more constant reference to ascertained principle than we think is now common; but, at the same time, we shall not try to apply arbitrary canons to all writers and all ages, but rather to examine and describe the real features of great literary nations and writers, and explain the manner in which the genius and circumstances of each have influenced the works they have bequeathed to us.

In two points, moreover, it will be our endeavour to avoid errors which have been much and justly complained of in the conduct of other Quarterly Organs. We purpose to study brevity on all topics which will not justify length—and to give to the lighter departments of Literature that share to which they are fairly entitled in a periodical which aspires to please and aid the general reader, as well as to interest the studious one.

Like most other Quarterly Journals, the "NATIONAL REVIEW" will not be able to find room for more than a selection from the works which from time to time appear. We must endeavour to excel by making that selection judicious. We shall, however, endeavour to give a systematic summary of the new publications on topics insufficiently noticed by the daily and weekly journals—especially Theology and Mental and Political Philosophy. We shall likewise give a list of the books appearing in each quarter which seem suitable for reading Societies, and are most likely to interest the general reader.

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